

Circulatory System, The Pillow

incomprehensible flights of the fruit
(twisted around) looping, lifting
new dimensions, we construct
a new model, but we never reach the way
we're stuck in this world they built
there's a way out (some way)
just say goodbye to the world that we've known
beyond your shoulders, above the flags
across the mountains, a new clock is here
beyond the railings, below the towns
above the highways, beyond the clouds
above the houses, beyond control
below the oceans, above the blanks